

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,  
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,  
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd  
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,  
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,  
Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman was't?

*Kim.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Vpon my life Lamound.

*Kim.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,  
And Iemine of all our Nation.

*Kim.* Hee mad confession of you,  
And gaue you such a Masterly report,  
For Art and exercise in your defence;  
And for your Rapier most especially,  
That he cryed out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you Sir. This report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Enuy,  
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,  
Your sodaine coming ore to play with him;  
Now out of this.

*Laer.* Why out of this, my Lord?

*Kim.* *Laertes* was your Father: deare to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why aske you this?

*Kim.* Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,  
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:  
And that I see in passages of prooffe,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:  
*Hamlet* comes backe: what would you vndertake,  
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,  
More then in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i'th' Church.

*Kim.* No place indeed should murder Sancturize;  
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,  
*Hamlet* return'd, shall know you are come home:  
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,  
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,  
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,  
Requit him for your Father.

*Laer.* I will doe't,

And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:  
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke  
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,  
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,  
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue  
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,  
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,  
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*Kim.* Let's further thinke of this,  
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes  
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;  
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
Twere better not affaid; therefore this Proiect  
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see  
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,  
As make your bowts more violent to the end,  
And that he calls for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him  
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet *Queene*.

*Enter Queene.*

*Queen.* One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O where?

*Queen.* There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,  
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:  
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,  
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayfies, and long Purples,  
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;  
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:  
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds  
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,  
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,  
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,  
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her owne distresse,  
Or like a creature Natue, and indued  
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with her drinke,  
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,  
To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas then, is she drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,  
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet  
It is our trick, Nature her custome holds,  
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone  
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,  
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,  
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

*Kim.* Let's follow, *Gertrude*:

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?  
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;  
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Clownes.*

*Clown.* Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that  
wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

*Other.* I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue  
straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Chri-  
stian buriall.

*Clow.* How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in  
her owne defence?

*Other.* Why 'tis found so.

*Clow.* It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for  
heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-  
gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an  
Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe  
wittingly.

*Other.* Nay but heere you Goodman Deluer.

*Clown.* Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good:  
heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-  
ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;  
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne  
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not  
guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

*Other.* But is this law?

*Clow.* I marry it's, Crowners Quest Law.

*Other.*

*Other.* Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not  
beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried  
out of Christian Buriall.

*Clow.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that  
great folke should haue countenance in this world to  
drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christi-  
an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,  
but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp  
*Adams* Profession.

*Other.* Was he a Gentleman?

*Clow.* He was the first that ever bore Armes.

*Other.* Why he had none.

*Clow.* What, art a Heathen? how dost thou vnder-  
stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd;  
could hee digge without Armes? He put another que-  
stion to thee; thou answerst me not to the purpose, con-  
fesse thy selfe.

*Other.* Go too.

*Clow.* What is he that builds stronger then either the  
Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

*Other.* The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a  
thousand Tenants.

*Clow.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes  
does well; but how does it well? it does well to those  
that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is  
built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes  
may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

*Other.* Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-  
wright, or a Carpenter?

*Clow.* I tell me that, and vnyoake.

*Other.* Marry, now I can tell.

*Clow.* Too't.

*Other.* Masse, I cannot tell.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.*

*Clow.* Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your  
dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when  
you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the  
Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomsday: go, get thee  
to Taughan, fetch me a Rouse of Liquor.

*Sings.*

*In youth when I did loue, did loue,  
me thought it was very sweete:*

*To contrail O the time for a my behoue,*

*O me thought there was nothing meete.*

*Ham.* Ha's this fellow no feeling of his business, that  
he sings at Graue-making?

*Hor.* Custome hath made it in him a property of ea-  
siness.

*Ham.* 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath  
the daintier sense.

*Clowne sings.*

*But Age with his stealing steps*

*hath caught me in his clutch:*

*And hath shipped me intill the Land,*

*as if I had neuer bene such.*

*Ham.* That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing  
once: how the knaue iowles it to th' ground, as if it  
were *Caines* Law-bone, that did the first murder: It  
might be the Paroe of a Politician which this Ass'e o're Of-  
fices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my Lord.

*Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-  
row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this  
might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such  
a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

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